

Coraddi

**In every artist there is a germ
of recklessness without which
talent is inconceivable**

Goethe

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CORADDI

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THE WITCH

ILZE DAIGA

Night lay cold and misty upon the small village. The gray, shabby buildings stood huddled together as if seeking comfort from one another; while the austere north wind howled through the narrow streets and swayed the bare branches of the tree in rhythm to its wild dance. Beyond the wall of the village, the river flowed in restless little ripples, carrying on its dark waters the last withered leaves of fall. The whole village seemed to lie in deep slumber, completely oblivious of the plaintive cry of an owl and the occasional mournful wail of a wolf.

As the moon, enveloped by sparse clouds, drowsily shed its pale light on the still rooftops, the gate of the wall slowly opened and a lone figure emerged from the shadows. For a moment it hesitated in the moonlight, revealing only a long cloak and a large hood. It resembled a night phantom, about to leave on a mysterious flight, as it stood conscious of every sound of the night. Only for an instant did the figure stand motionless, for in the next moment it was darting across a small bridge, cloak and hood billowing in the wind.

Suddenly the darkness was pierced by the glow of many lighted torches. The fleeing figure stopped abruptly on the bridge, the hood fell away, and the light of the torches sharply illuminated the face of the cloaked form. It was the face of a young woman — very pale and calm — only her eyes reflected the horror she was confronting. She slowly retreated across the bridge, her staring eyes fixed on the scattered flames. The flickering lights now revealed their bearers, as one by one they came forth from the darkness, until, it seemed, a whole multitude had gathered around her.

The young woman shuddered in realization: by allowing her to attempt an escape, they had cunningly led her into their terrible trap. Acknowledging her defeat, she submissively bowed her head and sealed her lips to sound. The cold wind enveloped her with their cries of — “Burn her!” . . . “Burn the witch!” and the hills around her echoed, “Witch . . . witch . . . witch!” In wild frenzy the people rushed

toward her, and seizing her roughly they bore the silent woman over the bridge. The disorderly procession lunged forward emitting shouts and hisses. The people halted while the woman alone was dragged forward. Then as she raised her head, she perceived a medium size stack of gnarled logs and firewood looming above her. Protruding from the top of the stack stood an upright pole, and attached to this pole a pair of chains swung listlessly in the wind. New shouts sprang up around her, as the torch bearers ran to the pile to ignite the straw at the foot of it. Suddenly the night grew black, the wind whipped about the torches almost extinguishing their weak flames. It was only an instant, and the moon shone again and the wind abated. The mob, having been distracted for a short moment, resumed its revelry with new vigor. A shrill scream rose from the crowd and a cloaked figure was dragged to the top of the already smoking stack. Two dark figures quickly chained the struggling form to the pole; screams continued to escape from the top of the stack, as the crackling fire rose and engulfed the still shape. The mob watched in horrible fascination as the flames devoured the smoking stack before them; they listened hungrily to the moans and screams coming from the fire.

As quickly as the mob had appeared so it dispersed leaving a smoldering pile of black logs and a charred body chained upright to a black pole. Once again darkness had set in; only the silence was broken by the occasional wail of a wolf.

The moon peered from behind a cloud and indifferently observed a silent shape detach itself from the shadows of the bridge. It wore a long cloak and the moonlight shone brightly on the pale, calm face of a young woman. She slowly walked to the smoldering pile and for a long time looked at the chained figure. She bowed her head as in prayer, then turning her back on the small, sleeping village, she wrapped her cloak about her and hurried into the misty night.



ANN DEARSLEY. BRUSH LIGHT. *Etching.*

LYRIC

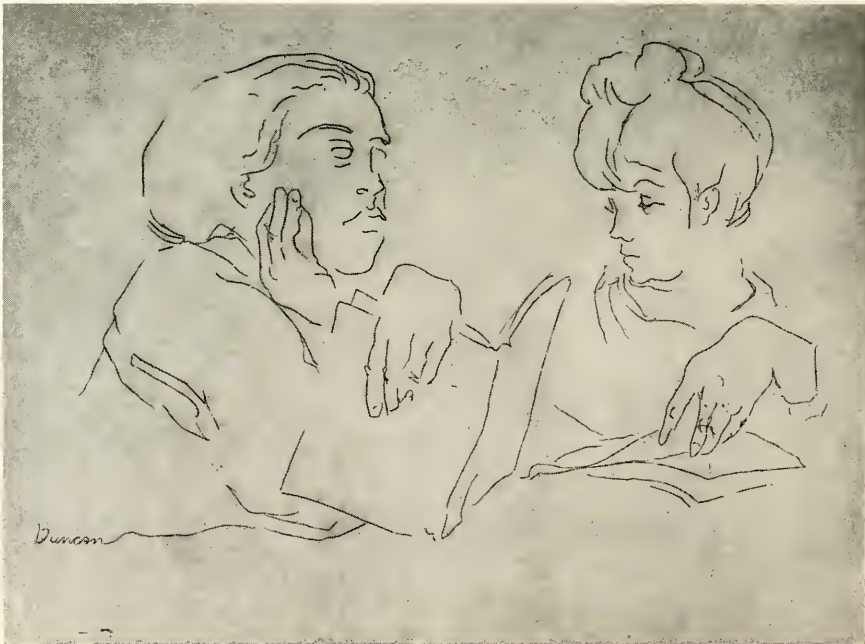
I love you in blue eyes
And the winds of much-remembered music.
There is a long walk,
Dreaming,
Greencone trees
And the whistle tooth tease
Of a nightlost, dark, deep scheming.

You,
Embroidered pillow of a thousand-and-one-night
near,
Burlap, rainwound,
Leatherlocked, bladebound fear,
Tossed and tangled,
With the love of daisy drops spangled.

And me,
The eyelash of butterfly frenzy,
Sunspelled and green
In the bloodsweet ballads,
Still mean,
Loveshy,
Animal crackers on the god's sky,
Dreading the battledore, shuttlecock,
Keep-an-even-score goodbye.

We love,
I love.
Dolls and battleships sleep;
The toes of lightning creep;
Blue eyes send
Sweet horizons across the world's new walk wind.

HEATHER ROSS



ANN DUNCAN. THE READERS. *Etching.*

THE DIARY OF REDEGONDA

translated from the German by

EVELYN MATHESON

BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Last night on the way home, as I was sitting on a bench in the city park for a while, I suddenly saw resting in the other corner a gentleman of whose presence I had been at first not the least bit aware. That this nocturnal neighbor, though apparently lacking in nothing at all, should appear on an empty park bench seemed rather suspicious to me; and just as I was making preparations to depart, this strange gentleman, wearing a long gray overcoat and yellow gloves, lifted his hat, called me by name and wished me a good evening. Rather pleasantly surprised, I now recognized him. It was Dr. Gottfried Wehwald, a young well-bred man, genteel, yes, having the conscientious refined manners of one who is making his debut, which at least seemed to afford him an endless unspoken satisfaction. Some four years ago he had been promoted from a probationer in the Vienna governorship to a small town in the lower Austrian country, but came back into circulation with his friends in the coffee house, where he was greeted with a moderate cordiality, which his elegant reserve permitted, vis-à-vis. Accordingly, as I understood it, although I had not seen him since Christmas, I was, in no way, to express surprise about the hour and place of our meeting; kindly, but to all appearances, indifferent, I returned his greeting and prepared to start a conversation with him, as it is fitting for men of the world, who in a chance reunion anywhere in the world would never become disconcerted, when he, with a deprecatory gesticulation, abruptly remarked: "Pardon me, worthy friend, but my time is measured and I have made my appearance here for the purpose of relation to you a somewhat curious story, provided that, of course, you should agree to hear it."

Not without wonder at this announcement, albeit, I declared my willingness instantly, yet could not help but show an expression of surprise that Dr. Wehwald had not sought me out in the coffee house; further, how it was that he had succeeded in finding me by night here in the park and finally, exactly why I should have been selected for the honor of hearing his story.

"The answer to your first two questions," he retorted with unusual harshness, "will be revealed in the course of my story. But my motive for choosing you, worthy friend (he called me simply nothing else), is based on the fact that you participate, to the best of my knowledge in literary activities, and therefore,

I believe that I can count on you for publication, and in tolerable form, of my unconventional, yet rather simple intimation."

I declined to answer, whereupon Dr. Wehwald, twitching his nose strangely, began without further ado: "The heroine of my story is Redegonda. She was the wife of a cavalry captain, Baron T. from Dragoner Regiment X, which was garrisoned in our small town Z" (He gave only these initials factually, although the names of not only the small town, which soon became completely evident to me, but also of the captain and the number of the regiment, which was of no particular significance). "Redegonda." Dr. Wehwald continued, "was a lady of exceptional beauty, and I fell in love with her, as we used to say, at first sight. Unfortunately any opportunity to make her personal acquaintance was denied me, since the officers are accustomed to having almost no communication at all with civilians and we adhere to these almost offensive customs of exclusiveness which are directed against the gentlemen from the political authority ourselves. So I always saw Redegonda only from a distance: saw her alone or by her husband's side, not seldom in the company of other officers and their wives, walking through the streets. I have caught sight of her many times through a window of her estimable house in the main square, or have seen her in the evenings in a jolting carriage going to the small theatre, where from the parquet I had the fortune to observe her in her box, which the young officers enjoy visiting during intermissions. Sometimes she seemed to notice me. But her glance always swept down over me so swiftly that I could draw no further conclusions from it. I had already given up the hope of ever letting my adoration be known to her, when she came toward me completely unexpectedly on a most memorable autumn morning in the small woods of the park which stretches from the eastern town gate far out into the country. With an imperceptible smile she walked in front of me, perhaps without being aware of me after all, and had soon disappeared again behind the yellowish foliage. I had let her go past me without even weighing the possibility that I could have greeted her or at least spoken a word to her, and although she had vanished from me I did not regret the omission of an attempt, the consequence of which in no way could have been destined. But now something strange happened: that is to say I felt myself suddenly constrained to imagine what would have come of it if I had found the courage to step in her way and speak to her. And my fancy raised the hopes in my mind that Redegonda had far from rejected

me; in no way did she try to hide her satisfaction about my boldness in the course of a gay conversation consisting of laments for the emptiness of her life, the inferiority of her social intercourse and finally she expressed delight in having found in me a sympathetic, feeling heart. And so full of promise was the look which she gave me in saying goodbye (I had experienced all this, and the farewell glance, only in my imagination.) that during the evening of the same day I saw her in her box again. Nothing else was expected either, since a precious secret floated in the air between the two of us. You will not be surprised, worthy friend, that I, being one who by the craft of his imagination had such an extraordinary ordeal, allowed that first meeting to be followed by subsequent ones of the same nature, and that our conversations from meeting to meeting became more amicable, more trustworthy, indeed more intimate, until one beautiful day under boughs with falling leaves the beloved woman fell into my longing arms. Now I let my gratifying fancy keep playing further, and so continued until Redegonda came to visit in my small apartment located at the end of the city and happiness was apportioned me as though she had been able to bid wretched actuality to be ever so intoxicating. Also a risk was involved to spice our adventure. So it happened once in the course of the winter that the captain galloped upon us as we were driving our sled, wrapped in furs, to the highway at night; already at that time rose in my mind what should soon develop completely into the heaviness of fate. In the first days of spring, they were saying in the city that the Dragoon Regiment, to which Redegonda's husband belonged, was supposed to be transferred to Galicia. My, no, our desperation was infinite. Nothing remained undiscussed which is usually discussed under such unusual circumstances between lovers; mutual flight, mutual death, grievous submission to the inevitable. So the last evening seemed, except that a stronger resolution would have been formed. I waited for Redegonda in my room all adorned in flowers. So that all possible emergencies would be provided for, my suitcase was packed, my revolver ready to fire, my farewell letter written. All this, my worthy friend, is the truth. Then, so completely had I fallen under the dominion of my fancy that not only did I deem the appearance of the beloved on that evening possible, that I honestly waited for it. I did not succeed as usual to attract her phantom,

or to imagine the goddess in my arms; no, to me it was as though something incalculable, perhaps something frightful at home detained her. A hundred times I went to the apartment door, listened out on the stairs, looked out the window to espy Redegonda's neighborhood down the street; indeed I was on the point of rushing impatiently over there to look for Redegonda, to hold her near me, and in the right of lovers and loved ones to defiantly demand her from her husband—until I finally, shaking as of a fever, sank down on my divan. Then all at once, it was almost midnight, the doorbell rang outside. But now I felt my heart stop. For, that the bell sounded, please don't misunderstand me, was no longer imagination. It rang a second and a third time and aroused me keenly and undeniably to full consciousness of reality. But at the same moment I recognized that my adventure up until this evening had meant a curious series of dreams, I felt an audacious hope awakening; that Redegonda, through the power of my wish moving in the depths of her soul had been forced to come here in her own delicate figure, stood outside on my doorstep, that I would hold her, incarnate, in my arms in the next minute. In this precious expectation I went to the door and opened it. But it was not Redegonda who stood before me, it was Redegonda's husband; he himself, as real and alive as you sit here facing me on this bench, and look at me straight in the eyes. There remained nothing for me to do than to let him step into my room, where I invited him to take a seat. But he remained standing up straight and with unutterable disdain on his lips he said: "You are waiting for Redegonda. Unfortunately she is prevented from coming. That is to say, she is dead". "Dead," I repeated and the world stood still. The captain calmly continued: "An hour ago I found her sitting at her desk in front of this small book which I brought with me for the sake of simplicity. Probably it was shock which killed her when I so unexpectedly stepped into her room. These lines here are the last she wrote down. Please!" He handed me a little open book bound in violet leather and I read the following words: "Now I am leaving my home forever, my lover is waiting!" I only nodded slowly as in confirmation. "You will have guessed", continued the captain, "that it is Redegonda's diary that you have in your hand. Perhaps you have the kindness to leaf through it, in order to deny each submission as impossible." I turned the pages, no, I read.



Alexandr

ann
dearsley



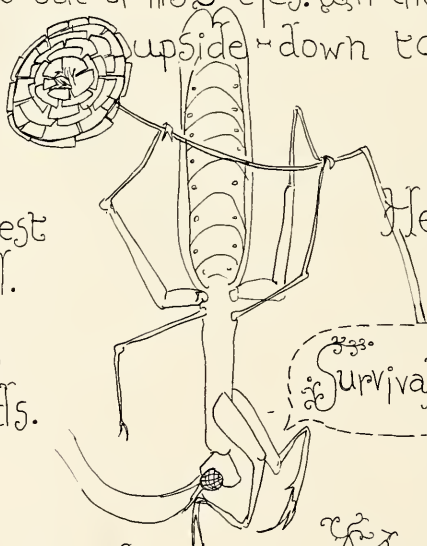
This is Alexandr. He lives in a glasshouse next to a teacup.
His house is decorated with zinnias
and obelia.

In the daytime he looks out of his eyes. In the nighttime he hangs
upside-down to sleep.

Alexandr sleeps best
when he is full.

That is why he
has no friends.

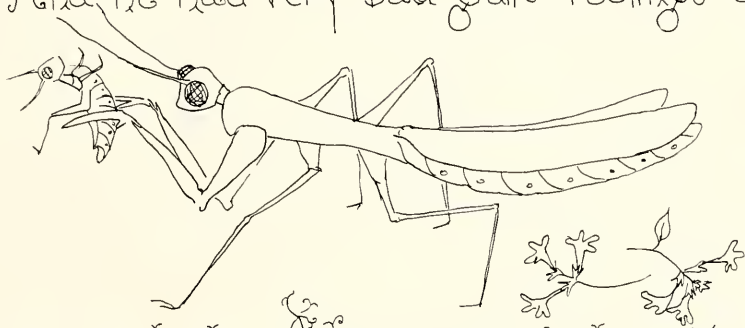
He never stopped to
think of them.



Survival of the fittest
he said.

Then something terrible happened. Alexandr stopped
believing in Darwin.

Psychologically speaking, he missed Orthopteran love and respect. And he had very bad guilt feelings after eating.

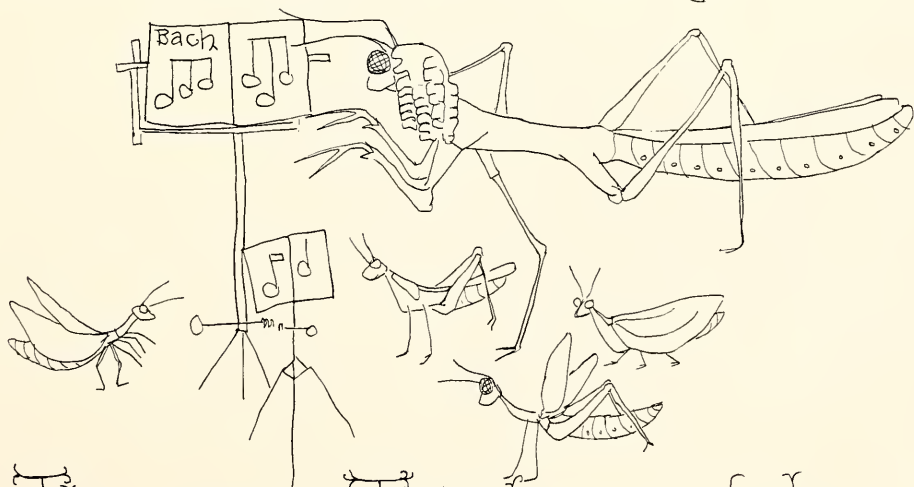


He contracted the Aloneness feeling. He didn't even like hanging upside-down anymore. He was annoyed because his feet wouldn't walk on glass. And his obelia had died.

So Alexandr decided to reform.

And soon he had friends from every walk of his class.

They ate breakfast muffins with plum jam, and played classical music on their back legs.



There was a Togetherness feeling.

It is evening.
The oven shopkeepers in Rustingbrook
Are closing Main Street with shades
As the turn-a-penny meter
Pinches out the lost minutes
And running steps carry packaged hearts
Bought for a bargain.

In the shadows,
Sidewalk watchers sit and wait for footprints
Which tread gossip to the doorsteps
Of another man's house.

In the Super Market,
Boys ring the bells and count the bills
As the noise of spenders
Sells a price-marked day.

Motor turns, gears shift, wheels spin.
Wave to the stranger eyes of Mrs. Mirrorworth;
Mend a skinned knee with a secret,
And speak to the back traffic:
"Let the children hear the bells."
But the faces never listen.

"Play with the running trees, Kathy.
Can you beat them home?
Don't sit on your nice brother.
He's dreaming that it's night."
No more stop-starts, fence posts wave them on.
And the boxed glow of the city limits
Is tied with a ribbon.

The burned-out sun with what-watt power
Dies in the naked fields,
Hides behind the tractor shed,
Sleeps in the seed bed
Where Lady waits for her star.
Dusty powder air sifts from a barn
As gloves come off and hands swing
From the loft to the ground to the road,
Swing 'a long home with a whistle.

The crossroads lead to wood stoves
Which smoke like the old man's pipe
And warm neighbors
Whose faces match.

The road cloud settles
On the banks,
And smudges the windows
Of the passing car.



CAROLYN ARNOLD. INK DRAWING.

Now a gravel drive and a picture sign
Turn the forgotten owner
To the shelter of a glass door.
"Wake up, children. The puppy needs you.
Don't leave your jackets in the hall.
Sit down and watch your toys.
I'll fix dessert."

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John hangs his coat on the back porch nail.
And rubs his lost eyes that laughed at Lady;
Smells his hay fingers and forces his hands
 deep in jean pockets,
Leaving the farm on the steps.

"Kiss for you and you and you.
A place for me.
Thank you, Father."
Dishes rattle, hug by the sink,
A-men.
"Tomorrow we'll ride in the fields, kids;
You and your Dad."
And the light goes off
On a prayer.

In Rustingbrook
Shopkeepers sleep
As shades are closed
On evening.

EMILY HERRING

The preacher-man
boomed sweaty interference
to the restless-seated sinner
of thirteen and one-half years.

The kid
expressed his interest
in hymn drawings
of blessed delight.

Shouts the preacher-man,
"Repent,
All ye that stray.
It's the Lord's Sabbath Day,
And mind you,
Mark it holy."

God Almighty
slams the black book,
prods the sleeping grandfather
of four times thirteen and one-half,
blows the feather of the widow's hat
and A-mens the service
of elongated penitence.

Now the sinner and his elders
shake a hand and
take a blessing
to a piped benediction.

EMILY HERRING

White nightie hanging on a nail
What complications you entail
White body lies supine and frets
Have you misgivings or regrets?
Seductress or sea nymph:
make your choice
but listen not
to your inner voice
for *outside*-voices are the sound.
Who thinks your feelings are profound?

STELLA JEFFERSON

BALLAD FOR CHILDREN

Foxfire floats along the creek,
Burning the cattail conscience
Of little girls alone.
Out in the clover quilt
Sleeps the baby-spilt,
The green-eyed Circe's milk
Of latter saints.

Standing in a yellow dress sunsmock,
I felt the top of my braids.
The brown hot straightness
Glistened in the shadeness
Of cedar groves.
Up, up in the swing,
The blue-eyed babies sing,
And birds pick cherries
With the mocking, "keep down" merries.

It was a land of tomatoes and cheese,
Animal crackers and pinwheels
Wheeling the pink-cheeked breeze.
My name was Belinda.

In summer, the Rumpelstilksken sun
Spindled across the roofs
On one-legged stilts,
And poked a long nose into all the kilts
Of pinch-plaited goodness.
Honeysuckle took the land,
And my fringe of bud-tight lettuce
Limped under the hand
Of a black mule's master.

In winter, the Northspoken cherub chirruped
Kite kisses over my chimney.
With squirreled cheeks and a love-bowed mouth,
He searched the sky flown south.
And his harp-string hair huffed harsh
When he fell on the shutterlocked marsh
Of cold faces.

Once I cut down a bird's nest in a tree,
Wrestled the trunk with tinsel.
And, late in the long-stockinged night,
The tree bit me.

Belinda came to tea
Each green-bled day at four.
The half-way ups and half-way downs
Fled beneath her merry out-of-bounds.
The black chickababies cheeped in her palm
For Belinda's braid-bright green-thumbed psalm.

Yesterday, a man came
And knocked upon the door.
I turned him into a pig,
A squealing, blue-eyed boar.
But today, a strange one came.
He took the pig,
And put me on his shoulder.
His black eyes bought me
And Belinda psalms no older.

HEATHER ROSS

For almost an hour I read, leaning on the desk while the captain sat outstretched on the divan; I read the entire story of our love, the charming, very beautiful stories in all their detail: from the autumn morning on when I had spoken for the first time to Redegonda, read about our first kiss, about our walks, our drives into the country, our hours of ecstasy in my flower adorned room, about our flight-and-death-plans, our happiness and our despair. Everything was recorded in these pages, everything — was I never in actuality? — and yet everything exactly as I had lived it in my imagination. And I found it not at all so inexplicable as you, my worthy friend, evidently seem to find it at this moment. For once I suspected that Redegonda had loved me as much as I loved her and that through this love the secret power had come to her; my fanciful experience and hers were exactly alike. And that she, as woman of the first cause of life in which want and fulfilment are one, was probably almost as deeply convinced as I that she had really lived through everything which was recorded in her little violet book. But I held still something else possible; that this entire diary was of more or less significance, as a select revenge, which she took on me, revenge for my indecision, which my, our, dreams had not allowed to come true; yes, that her sudden death was the work of her will and that it had been her design to help her deceiving husband get that treacherous diary in such a manner. But I had no time to delay long in order to unravel these questions, for the captain could naturally accept only one solution; so I then did what the circumstances demanded and placed myself and the solutions so disadvantageously at his disposal.

“Without the trial . . . ?”

“To deny?” Dr. Wehwald interrupted me sharply. “Oh!” Myself if I had succeeded in such an attempt, the faintest prospect would seem miserable to me. For I would feel responsible for all consequences of an adventure which I had wanted and which to experience I would be just a rotten coward,—“It remains for me” said the captain, “to settle our dispute before Redegonda’s death is made public. It is one o’clock in the morning. Around three o’clock the assembly of our materials will take place; around five the thing will be settled”. I’ll nod again as a sign of the agreement. The captain departed with a cool adieu. I arranged my papers, left the house, got two gentlemen I knew from the district command out of bed — one was a count — detained them no longer than was necessary in order to incite them to a

hasty settlement of the affair, walked up and down main square opposite the dark window behind which Redegonda’s dead body lay, and had that sunken state of mind to face the fulfilment of my destiny. Around five o’clock in the morning in the little forest quite near the place where I could have spoken to Redegonda for the first time, we stood opposite each other, pistols in our hands, the captain and I.

“And you killed him?”

“No. My bullet went into his temple. But he hit me right in the heart. I was killed on the spot, as we used to say”.

“Oh!” I groaned with a perplexed glance at my curious neighbor. But this glance no longer found him, for Wehwald no longer sat on the edge of the bench. Yes, I have reason to suspect that he never had sat there at all. On the other hand, it immediately comes to mind that yesterday evening in the coffeehouse much of the conversation concerned a duel in which our friend, Dr. Wehwald was shot by a cavalry captain named Tenerheim. The fact that the wife, Redegonda, also on the same day had disappeared without leaving a trace, gave the small company, in spite of the earnest tone a rather sad appearance of cheerfulness, and everyone supposed that Dr. Wehwald whom they had always known as a model of correctness, discretion, and distinction must have suffered death true to his nature half with his will, half against his will, for another.

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Yet what concern did the appearance of Dr. Wehwald have on the bench in the park; they would have sensed the impressive strangeness considerably, if they had asked me to show the chivalrous end of the original man. And I do not wish to conceal that it was not convenient for me to expose the thought throughout this entire insignificant procrastination in order to intensify my account. Yet after some deliberation I was frightened by the possibility of the reproaches which I would receive through such a story; not entirely adequate representation of the mystics, of the spiritualism and other dangerous things which I have supported anew, and have forseen the inquiry as to whether my story be true or fabricated, even if I held the events as if I found my choice according to my decision as occultist or as swindler. For that reason I have exposed it at the end, to write down the story of my nightly encounter, how it came to pass; I confess at the risk that many people, in spite of its truth, will doubt—in that far off widely spread suspicion which poets used to proffer although they have less basis than most other men.

ALFRED WERBER

OF SAINT LOUIS



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